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CYCLING FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE.

THE pastime of cycling, at first only patronised by athletic youth, has now spread to every class of the community. The vast improvement in machines, and the health and exhilaration to be gained by the exercise, have had much to do with its popularity alike with aristocracy and democracy. Like golf, it has come to stay, although many who take cycling up for amusement will drop it again as they would do anything else. But there will always remain a strong and increasing contingent, fully aware, by practical experience, of its health and pleasure giving powers, who will place it second to no existing recreation. And so the cyclist awakens sleepy hamlets and moribund inns; listens to the musical monotony of many a hill burn and lowland stream; gets gleams and glances of beauty from many a nook and corner of the land, where railway, coach, or his unaided pedestrian powers would never carry him. It has widened a twenty-mile radius to a forty-mile radius, and increased his locomotive powers threefold. Let no one imagine that there is not a considerable amount of exertion and fatigue, and sometimes hardship. But it is of a wholesome kind, when kept within limits, and physically, morally, and socially, the benefits that cycling confers on the men of the present day are almost unbounded.

An enthusiastic journalist who had been burning the candle at both ends betook himself to the wheel, and found it of so much service to body and mind, that he straightway, in the columns of his newspaper, began to advise the whole world to learn the bicycle. He could hardly tell the difference it had made to his feelings and general health, and he knew of no exercise which brought so easily such a universal return in good health, good spirits, and amusement. Mr G. Lacy Hillier, of the Badminton volume on Cycling, confirms

this. The cyclist seems to enter into the spirit of Emerson's saying as thoroughly as Thoreau might have done: 'Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of empires ridiculous.' Many overlo the exercise, then renounce it, or give it a bad name; others, by over-rapid riding in towns, make themselves public nuisances, and vastly increase the dangers of overcrowded streets. The sensible cyclist rides for health, increase of knowledge, and amusement.

Though Mr Ruskin was prepared once to spend all his best bad language in abusing the wheel, the world has gone its own mad way, and the careering multitudes in Battersea Park and elsewhere, on country and suburban roads, in crowded towns, have been the means of creating new manufactures, which have vastly benefited our home industries. Mr H. J. Lawson, inventor of the rear-driving safety, lately estimated the annual output of cycles at over a million, and the money spent at over ten millions. But in the absence of statistics this is only guess-work. The bicycle tax in France is said to yield not less than £80,000 a year. In the United States, where cycling has become a greater craze than with us, two hundred and fifty thousand cycles at least were purchased last year; this year more than four hundred thousand have changed hands. When the proposal was made some time ago to impose a tax on cycles, it was calculated that there were at least eight hundred thousand riders in the United Kingdom. The present season has witnessed quite a 'boom' in cycling and a great increase in the number of riders. Ladies have taken more rapidly to the pastime in America and France than in England. The rubber and then the pneumatic or inflated tyre have wrought a marvellous revolution; the high 'ordinary,' the tricycle, and the heavy 'solid,' and even the 'cushion,' have in most cases been relegated to the region of old iron. The Pneumatic Tyre Company, with a capital of between one and a half and two millions

sterling, when in full swing, employs nearly one thousand hands, and can turn out twelve thousand tyres per week. Coventry, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, London, and other towns have largely benefited by the cycle trade.

Sir B. W. Richardson has often called attention to the benefit of cycling in the case of dwellers in towns. Dr Turner finds that nothing neutralises better the poison introduced into the blood through faulty digestion than gentle and continued exercise on the wheel. Mr A. J. Watson, the English amateur one-mile and five-mile champion in 1895, confessed that he never suffered from any ill effects, save perhaps during the hard days in winter, when prevented from riding. Dr Andrew Wilson once quoted a budget of correspondence from ladies who had tried the wheel, all of which was in the same direction, provided that overstrain was avoided. Where the heart is weak, cycling should be left alone. The muscles of the legs are developed and the circumference of the chest increased in the case of healthy riders.

Here are a few hints by a medical man: 'Never ride within half-an-hour of a meal, which means either before or after. Wheel the machine up any hill the mounting of which on the wheel causes any real effort. See that the clothing round the stomach, neck, and chest is loose. Have the handle-bar sufficiently raised to prevent stooping. Be as sparing as possible of taking fluids during a long ride. Except the wind, road, &c., be favourable, never ride more than ten miles an hour, unless for very short distances, and never smoke while riding.'

The cycle as we know it did not burst upon the world in all its present completeness, but has been a gradual evolution, the work of many a busy hand and brain, guided by experience. As far back as 1767 we find that Richard Lovell Edgeworth had something of the nature of a velocipede; and about the same date, William Murdoch, inventor of gas for illuminating purposes, had a wooden horse of his own invention upon which he rode to school at Cumnock. The Dandy Horse of 1818, the two wheels on which the rider sat astride, tipping the ground with his feet in order to propel the machine, was laughed out of existence.

In 1840, a blacksmith named Kirkpatrick Macmillan, of Courthill, parish of Keir, Dumfriesshire, made a cycle on which he rode to Glasgow, and caused a big sensation on the way. The notable fact regarding Macmillan's cycle is, that he had adapted cranks and levers on the old dandy or hobby-horse. Gavin Dalziel, of Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire, had a bicycle of his own invention in daily use in 1846. There was a revival of cycling between 1867-69. An ingenious Frenchman, M. Michaux, had some years before fitted pedals and a transverse handle to the front wheel of what came to be irreverently known as the 'bone-shaker.' This embryo bicycle had a considerable vogue, and was introduced to Mr Charles Spencer's gymnasium in London in 1868. Yet the bone-shaker craze might have died a natural death but for the introduction of the rubber tyre and other improvements. Mr James Starley, of Coventry, through whose inventive genius the tricycle was evolved from the bicycle, was also

an improver and pioneer. In the 'Rover' bicycle he gave an impetus to the early history of the machine, which has been crowned in the pneumatic tyre, the invention of John Boyd Dunlop, born at Dregghorn, Ayrshire, in 1840. Mr Dunlop was engaged as a veterinary surgeon near Belfast, where he built himself an air-wheel from ordinary thin rubber sheets, with rubber valve and plug. Mr C. K. Welch followed with the detachable tyre.

Now there are hundreds of first-class machines from which to choose, and every important town has one or more agents. One sentiment will be echoed by every cyclist of experience, that an inferior bicycle is a costly investment—it costs much in trouble, annoyance, and repairs.

A cycling tour is health-giving and enjoyable when gone about rationally and prudently. It is pleasant to plan, and no less so to carry out, as it is always the unexpected which happens. There are halts by the wayside, conversations with rustics, fine views; and every part of the brain and blood is oxygenated, giving that kind of wholesome intoxication which Thoreau said he gained by living in the open air. One's own country is explored as it has never been explored before. Some wheelmen have been credited with seven and eight thousand miles in a single season. Others, more ambitious, have made a track round the globe. Mr Thomas Stevens, starting from San Francisco in April 1884, occupied three years in going round the world. Mr T. Allen and Mr L. Sachtleben, two American students, as a practical finish to a theoretical education, also occupied three years in riding round the world—15,044 miles on the wheel. They climbed Mount Ararat by the way, and interviewed Li Hung Chang, the Chinese viceroy. The wheel ridden by these 'foreign devils' was described by one Chinaman as 'a little mule that you drive by the ears, and kick in the sides to make him go.'

Mr Frank G. Lenz, who started from America in June 1892 to ride round the world, was unfortunately killed by six Kurds, sixty-five miles from Erzeroum, between the villages of Kurtali and Dahar, on May 10, 1894. There have been many interesting shorter rides. Mr Walter Goddard of Leeds, and Mr James Edmund of Brixton, started from London and rode entirely round Europe on wheels; Mr Hugh Callan rode from Glasgow to the river Jordan; Mr R. L. Jefferson, in 1894, rode from London to Constantinople, between March 10 and May 19. This year the same gentleman rode from London to Moscow, 4281 miles, and had nothing good to say of Russian inns or roads. A lady of sixty has done seventy miles in one day; while Miss Bacon, of the *Review of Reviews*, did twelve hundred miles in her various ups and downs between London and Glasgow during one holiday.

The lighter the machine, the more expensive it is. Racing-machines are built as light as twenty pounds in weight. Some of the swiftest road-riders patronise machines of twenty-six or twenty-seven pounds; but for all-round work, one of thirty-three pounds, without lamp or bell, is a good average machine. As to speed, we have

had 460 miles in the twenty-four hours on the racing-track, and 377 miles on the road. Huret, a French rider, has done 515 miles between one midnight and another; the Swiss cyclist Lesna has done 28 miles an hour, while Mr Mills and Mr T. A. Edge, in their recent ride from Land's End to John o' Groats on a tandem, beat all previous records, doing the journey in three days, four hours, and forty-six minutes.

A very sensible American rider, when on tour, starts shortly after breakfast, and with a brief rest for lunch, has his day's work of about fifty miles over by four P.M. Then he changes underclothing—a most important and never-to-be-forgotten matter—has dinner, and an enjoyable ramble over the town or village where he stays over-night. But he is a luxurious dog, and not many will carry such an abundant kit in the triangular bag below the handle bar. Imagine three light outing shirts, three suits gauze underclothing, a dark flannel bicycle suit, laced tanned gaiters, light-weight rubber coat, comb; clothes, hair, and tooth brushes; soap and towel, writing-pad and pencil, map and matches, and tool bag! Many a cyclist carries a hand camera, and brings home a permanent record of his journeys.

It has been well said that many a boy will start in life with a more vigorous constitution because of the bicycle, and many a man who is growing old too fast by neglect of active exercise will find himself rejuvenated by the same agency. The doctors tell us that as long as one can ride with the mouth shut, the heart is all right. A fillip should be given to the appetite; whenever this is destroyed, and sleeplessness ensues, cycling is being overdone.

A word in closing about accidents, which are often due to carelessness and recklessness. A cyclist has no right to ride at ten or fourteen miles an hour in a crowded thoroughfare. He takes his life—and other people's!—in his hands if he does so. No less is caution needed on hills, the twists and turns in which are unseen or unfamiliar, and where the bottom of the incline cannot be seen. As the saying goes, 'Better be a coward for half-an-hour than a corpse for the rest of your lifetime.' But experience is the best guide, and no hard and fast rules can be laid down for exceptional circumstances.

AN ELECTRIC SPARK.*

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE SPREADING OF A NET.

'MY DEAR MR WYNYAN—Papa asks me to write and say that he is afraid you did not take his invitation seriously, for you have let three weeks pass since you were here last. He would so like a little informal chat with you. We are at home on Tuesdays, and we shall be so pleased to see you.—Very sincerely yours,
ISABEL ENDOZA.'

It had been a very cheerless time, and one hour Wynyan looked back upon the events connected with Robert Dalton's death as having taken place years ago; at another, they seemed to be as fresh as if they had only happened

a day or two before. He had been quite a hermit ever since leaving the office, and it was only through Dr Kilpatrick that he knew anything about what had been going on in his little world.

His one way to smother the terrible feeling of disappointment from which he suffered was fighting a new battle in invention, and trying out of divers old nebulous notions to evolve something fresh and substantial. He had at last hit upon an idea which promised to become of value; but it was far yet from perfection; and the great difficulty was how to bring it to completion without placing himself under an obligation.

'Absurd!' cried the doctor one evening in the course of conversation. 'I've offered to advance what money you require as a friend.'

'But I wish to be independent, doctor.'

'Yes; you've grown into a curious fellow, Wynyan,' said Kilpatrick. 'When you are as old as I am, you will wake up to the fact that there is no such thing as independence. We are all depending upon each other more or less. Bah! I haven't patience with a man who lets a disappointment or two ruin his whole life. Why don't you call at South Audley Street?'

Wynyan started, and then said abruptly: 'Because I have no right to be there. I am only Robert Dalton's discharged servant.'

'Well, isn't a discharged servant a man, just the same as he was before he was discharged? Wynyan, I haven't patience with you. I'm sure Renée likes you, and yet you stop away and leave her to the mercy of that fellow Brant. A man ought to be brave and strong and persistent in his love affairs. Look at animals, how they fight for the one they choose—look at gamecocks and stags and cattle, and—and—and—'

'Doctors!' suggested Wynyan dryly.

Dr Kilpatrick brought his fist down upon the table with a heavy bang, and his eyes flashed beneath his heavy brows.

'Confound you, sir!' he cried; 'that's a cowardly blow beneath the guard.'

'Nothing of the kind, doctor. Those who play at bowls— You know the rest.—How is Miss Bryne?'

The doctor's angry look became piteous, and he sighed and became the weak man at once.

'Don't ask me,' he said with a groan. 'Poor woman: it's very terrible.'

'Infatuated as ever?'

'Worse my boy, worse. It makes my life a misery.'

'Time cures many troubles,' said Wynyan.

'Yes, my boy, it does, and everything comes to the man who waits. That's right enough when you're the right side of thirty; but when you're the wrong side of fifty, and the lady is—well, never mind—I don't exactly know her age; but it seems to me that if one has to wait very long—eh? You understand?'

'Yes, I understand,' said Wynyan.—'By the way, I have had a very warm invitation from the Count to visit there—to attend one of his friendly evenings.'

'Can you play a good game of chess? Because if so, go.'

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'Chess? I've no time for chess,' cried Wynnan impatiently.

'I meant life's chess, boy,' said the doctor, becoming strong again as soon as his *amour* was shelved. 'If you can, go and see them, and make the best of it. He wants you to do something for his confounded country.'

'Yes; he seems very patriotic.'

'Bah! There is hardly such a thing as a patriot. It generally means pelf, power, or place. Yes, go and see him. Make some money out of him if you can. Hay while the sun shines. He'll pitch you over as soon as he has got all he wants.'

'Then you'd go?'

'Certainly,' said the doctor, as a thought occurred to him. 'A man like you has no business to shut himself up.'

The doctor said no more, but his few words had weight enough to send his visitor to the Count's on the appointed night, for Wynnan's mind was in the balance.

There were only three or four people in Villar Endoza's *salon*, and upon Wynnan's name being announced, his reception from father and daughter was paternal and affectionate.

'So very glad, my dear Wynnan,' said the Count.

'At last,' said Isabel with a reproachful look. 'I have been trying so hard to think out what we could have done to offend you.'

'What nonsense!' said Wynnan, as he sat down upon the *vis-à-vis* near his young hostess. 'You forget that I am a busy man, and not much given to society.'

'But you need not neglect your friends,' she said with a slight pout, and a look that would have made some men's pulses stir.

At that moment Endoza came up, and gave his daughter a hint to go and talk to one of their guests.

'He fancies he is being neglected,' said the Count apologetically to Wynnan; 'and he is very old.'

'I shall soon be back, Mr Wynnan,' said Isabel with another smile and look, before she glided off, with the Count watching her pensively, his hand upon Wynnan's arm, and his head on one side.

'I ought to be a happy man, Wynnan, with such a child. She makes my life here bearable amidst all my troubles and anxieties.'

'I suppose you do have a very busy time,' said Wynnan.

'Hardly an hour to call my own. You see I am heart and soul with the President in his intense love of our country. Almost his last words to me were: "Endoza, our land is small, but we will make it great. Work with me, and we will have the republic honoured among nations!"'

'A most worthy desire.'

'Is it not, sir? Well, we have done much, but we will do more—I say *we*, because I fancy that I can claim to have done a little.'

'Of course,' said Wynnan. 'I remember how you worked about the arrangements for the electric lighting of your capital.'

'Yes. Add to it my troubles of the line of mountain railway.'

'And that has succeeded?'

'It is a triumph, sir,' cried the Count enthusiastically. 'Then the docks at our principal port are rapidly being completed: good roads are opening up the country; our postal service is still wanting, but wonderfully improved, and the telegraph is gradually spreading to the extreme point. Now we are striving hard to raise the status of our navy.'

'You must be spending large sums!'

'Yes; but what matter? As our President says, our credit is good; there is no difficulty about a loan, and the riches of the country are being developed. It is a wonderful country, Mr Wynnan. The mining wealth is prodigious, and the capitalists are coming in to assist in its development. Several English companies have been formed and are doing marvellously well. Ah! it is a glorious country, my dear Wynnan: eternal sunshine, a delicious climate, a smiling land. All we want is enterprise and brains. We want young men of genius to come to our help. We can give them the heartiest welcome, the highest rewards and positions, such as they can never win amongst your fogs. You, of course, are settled and prosperous here, otherwise what a position I could offer you as an engineer. For instance, there is our navy.'

'But I am not a shipbuilder, sir,' said the young man, smiling.

'No,' said the Count, taking his visitor by the coat lapel, 'we have shipbuilders; but ships must have motive power.'

Wynnan started slightly.

'It seems to me, my dear sir, that the days of steam are numbered. We are ambitious—we desire that our vessels shall surpass those of the rest of the world, and we would give to the man who could come and endow the great monsters we build with life and power, everything he liked to demand. It would be a grand future, sir, for such an individual. Do you know any such man with the requisite brains?'

Wynnan was silent.

'Ah! you think. Do so, my dear Wynnan: you would be helping me greatly; but he must be what you call clever—very clever.'

'Yes, he must have brains, sir,' said Wynnan, with his brow growing knotty.

'And for reward, wealth, honour, and a home in a lovely country, the adoration of our people, and perhaps the smiles of a high-born, beautiful wife. My dear Wynnan, is not that a prospect for a clever, ambitious young man?'

'Yes, a grand prospect, sir.'

'Ah! if you had been free, and I could have tempted you to join heart and soul with us!'

He ceased speaking, and Wynnan stood gazing into the past, where all was black, and then into the future, where all might be bright. Why should he not seize the bait? It could not, he knew, be all that the Count had said; but it was an opportunity such as might never occur again. Here there seemed to be no chance whatever; there he could for certain make his way. And what did he say—a motor for their navy? Then, too, what home had he? Why should he stay in England, eating out his heart in despair, while Brant rose to affluence? The temptation was strong, and just

then he found Isabel's eyes fixed upon him, and her face lit up as she caught his glance.

'Take the good the gods provide you,' he involuntarily quoted, and at the moment the door opened, and the servant announced: 'Miss Bryne, Miss Dalton, and Mr Brant Dalton.'

THE CARRYING-TRADE OF THE WORLD.

OF all the industries of the world, that which is concerned with the interchange of the products of nations is suffused with the most interest for the largest number of people. Not only is the number of those who go down into the sea in ships, and who do business on the great waters, legion, but three-fourths of the population of the globe are more or less dependent on their enterprise. The ocean-carrying trade we are accustomed to date from the time of the Phœnicians; and certainly the Phœnicians were daring mariners, if not exactly scientific navigators, and their ships were pretty well acquainted with the waters of Europe and the coasts of Africa. But the Phœnicians were rather merchant-adventurers on their own account than ocean-carriers, as, for instance, the Arabians were on the other side of Africa, acting as the intermediaries of the trade between Egypt and East Africa and India. In the early days, too, there is reason to believe that the Chinese were extensive ocean-carriers, sending their junks both to the Arabian Gulf and to the ports of Hindustan, long before Alexander the Great invaded India. But there is nothing more remarkable in the history of maritime commerce than the manner in which it has changed hands.

Even down to the beginning of the present century, almost the whole of the carrying-trade of the Baltic and the Mediterranean was in the hands of the Danes, Norwegians, and Germans, while our own harbours were crowded with foreign ships. This was one of the effects of our peculiar Navigation Laws, under which they were so protected that there was hardly a trade open to British vessels. It is, indeed, just ninety years since British ship-owners made a formal and earnest appeal to the Government to remove the existing shackles on the foreign trade of the country, and to promote the development of commerce with the American and West Indian colonies. One argument of the time was the necessity for recovering and developing the Mediterranean trade, as affording one of the best avenues for the employment of shipping and the promotion of international commerce. It was a trade of which England had a very considerable share in the time of Henry VII., who may very fairly be regarded as the founder of British merchant shipping. He not only built ships for himself for trading purposes, but encouraged others to

do so, and even lent them money for the purpose. And it was to the Mediterranean that he chiefly directed his attention, in eager competition with the argosies of Venice and Genoa. There resulted a perfect fleet of what were called 'tall ships' engaged in carrying woollen fabrics and other British products to Italy, Sicily, Syria, and the Levant, and in bringing home cargoes of silk, cotton, wool, carpets, oil, spices, and wine.

Steam has worked a change in favour of this country nowhere more remarkably than in the Mediterranean trade. When the trade began to revive for sailing-vessels, by a removal of some of the irksome restrictions, Lisbon was the most important port on the Iberian Peninsula for British shipping. There was a weekly mail service by sailing-packets between Falmouth and Lisbon, until the Admiralty put on a steamer. Some time in the 'thirties,' two young Scotchmen named Brodie Willcox and Arthur Anderson, had a small fleet of sailing-vessels engaged in the Peninsular trade, and about the year 1834 they chartered the steamer *Royal Tar* from the Dublin and London Steam-packet Company. This was the beginning of the great Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, destined to revolutionise the carrying-trade both of the Mediterranean and the East. When the Spanish Government negotiated for a line of steamers to be established between England and Spain, Willcox and Anderson took up the project, organised a small company, and acquired some steamers, which at first did not pay. They persevered, however, until shippers saw the superiority of the new vessels to the old sailers, and at last the Peninsular Company obtained the first mail-contract ever entered into by the English Government. This was in 1837; and the Cunard and Royal Mail (West Indian) lines were not established until 1840. In a couple of years the Peninsular Company extended their line through the Straits to Malta and Alexandria, and again to Corfu and the Levant. In 1840 they applied for and obtained a charter as the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, with the object of establishing a line of steamers on the other side of the Isthmus of Suez, from which have developed the great ramifications to India, China, Japan, the Straits Settlements, and Australia. It was, indeed, through the Mediterranean that we obtained our first hold on the Eastern carrying-trade.

In considering the development of maritime commerce, it is always to be remembered that the design of Columbus and the early navigators in sailing westwards was not to find America, but to find a new way to India and Far Cathay. Mighty as America has become in the world's economy, its first occupation was only an incident in the struggle for the trade of the Far East. But with the occupation of America came two new developments in this carrying-trade—namely, one across the Atlantic, and one upon and across the Pacific. To the eventful year in which so many great enterprises were founded—namely, 1840—we trace the beginning of steam-carrying on the Pacific, for in that year William Wheelwright took or sent

the first steamer round Cape Horn, as the pioneer of the great Pacific Steam Navigation Company. Within about a dozen years thereafter, the Americans had some fifty steamers constantly engaged on the Pacific coasts of the two Continents besides those of the English company. Out of one of those Pacific lines grew Commodore Vanderbilt's Nicaragua Transit Company, a double service of two lines of steamers, one on each side of the Continent, with an overland connection through Nicaragua. Out of another grew the New York and San Francisco line, connecting overland across the Isthmus of Panama—where M. de Lesseps did not succeed in cutting a Canal. And out of yet another of these Pacific enterprises, all stimulated by Wheelwright's success, grew in the course of years a line between San Francisco and Hawaii, and another between San Francisco and Australia. Some forty years ago the boats of this last-named line used to run down to Panama to pick up passengers and traffic from Europe, and it is interesting to recall that at that period the design was greatly favoured of a regular steam service between England and Australia *via* Panama. A company was projected for the purpose; but it came to nothing, for various reasons not necessary to enter upon here. But as long ago as the early fifties, when the Panama Railway was in course of construction, there were eight separate lines of steamers on the Atlantic meeting at Aspinwall, and five on the Pacific meeting at Panama. Later on, when the Americans had completed their iron-roads from ocean to ocean across their own dominions, they started lines of steamers from San Francisco to China and Japan. And later still, when the Canadian Pacific Railway was completed across Canada, a British line of ships was started across the Pacific to Far Cathay. So that the dream of the old navigators has, after all, been practically realised.

The repeal of the corn-laws gave an immense impetus to British shipping, by opening up new lines of traffic in grain with the ports of the Baltic, the Black Sea, and Egypt; and the extension of steamer communication created another new carrying-business in the transport of coals abroad to innumerable coaling-stations. Thus demand goes on creating supply, and supply in turn creating new demand.

From the old fruit and grain sailers of the Mediterranean trade have developed such extensive concerns as the Cunard line (one of whose beginnings was a service of steamers between Liverpool and Havre), which now covers the whole Mediterranean, and extends across the Atlantic to New York and Boston; the Anchor line, which began with a couple of boats running between the Clyde and the Peninsula, and now covers all the Mediterranean and Adriatic, and extends from India to America; the Bibby line, which began with a steamer between Liverpool and Marseilles, and now covers every part of the Mediterranean (Leyland line), and spreads out to Burma and the Straits. These are but a few of many examples of how the great carrying-lines of the world, east and west, have developed from modest enterprises in mid-Europe. And even now the goods traffic between the Mediterranean and the United Kingdom,

North Europe and America, is less in the hands of these great lines than in that of the vast fleets of ocean tramps, both sail and steam.

One of the most wonderful developments in the carrying-trade of the world is the concern known as the Messageries Maritimes of France—now probably the largest steamer-owning co-partnery in the world. Prior to the Crimean War, there was an enterprise called the Messageries Impériales, which was engaged in the land-carriage of mails through France. In 1851 this company entered into a contract with the French Government for the conveyance of mails to Italy, Egypt, Greece, and the Levant; and as years went on, the mail subsidies became so heavy that the enterprise was practically a national one. During the war, the Messageries Company's vessels were in such demand as transports, &c., that the company had to rapidly create a new fleet for mail purposes. With peace came the difficulty of employing the enormously augmented fleet. New lines of mail and cargo boats were therefore successively established between France and the Danube and Black Sea; Bordeaux and Brazil and the River Plate; Marseilles and India and China, &c. In fact, the Messageries Company's ramifications now extend from France to Great Britain, South America, the whole of the Mediterranean, the Levant, the Black Sea, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean and the China Seas, and the South Pacific.

Few people, perhaps, have any conception of the numbers of regular and highly organised lines of steamers now connecting Europe and America. Besides the Messageries, the Austro-Hungarian Lloyd's and the Italian mail lines run between the Mediterranean and the River Plate. Argentina and Brazil are connected with different parts of Europe by about a dozen lines. Between the United States and Europe there are now about thirty distinct regular lines of steamers carrying goods and passengers; and about a dozen more carrying goods only. Four of these lines are direct with Germany, two with France, two with Holland, two with Belgium, one with Denmark, and two with Italy, one of which is under the British flag. All the rest of the passenger lines and most of the cargo lines run between the United Kingdom and the United States. As for the 'tramps' steaming and sailing between North America and Europe, they are of all nations; but again the majority fly the British flag, though once upon a time the American-built clippers, of graceful lines and 'sky-scraping' masts, used to monopolise the Atlantic carrying-trade under the stars and stripes. Once upon a time, too, these beautiful American clippers had the bulk of the China tea-trade, and of the Anglo-Australian general trade. But they were run off the face of the waters by the Navigation Laws of America and the shipping enterprise of Britain. The great and growing trade between the United States and India, too, is now nearly all carried in British vessels; and a large part of the regular steam service between New York and the West Indies is under the British flag. That a change will take place when America follows the advice of President Cleveland, and repeals the laws which forbid

Americans to own vessels built abroad or manned by foreigners, is pretty certain.

With regard to India, the growth in the carrying-trade has been enormous since Vasco da Gama, four hundred years ago, found his way round the Cape of Good Hope to Calicut. For an entire century, down to 1600, the Portuguese monopolised the trade of the East, and as many as two and three hundred of their ships would often be gathered together in the port of Goa, taking in cargo for different Eastern and European ports. To-day, Goa is a deserted port, and the Portuguese flag is rarely seen—a ship or two per annum now being sufficient for all the trade between Portugal and India. In the century of Portuguese prosperity the English flag was hardly known in Eastern waters. It was the Dutch who drove out the Portuguese; and the reason why the Dutch were tempted out to India was because the rich cargoes brought home by the Portuguese could not be disposed of in Portugal, and had to be taken to Amsterdam, or Rotterdam, or Antwerp, where the opulent Dutch merchants purchased them for re-distribution throughout Europe. This is how the Dutch came into direct relations with the Indian trade before the English, and why Barentz and others tried to find a near way to India for the Dutch vessels by way of the north of Europe and Asia. Failing in the north, the Dutch followed the Portuguese round the Cape, and reaching Sumatra, founded the wide dominion of Netherlands-India. This occupation was effected before 1600; and between that year and 1670 they expelled the Portuguese from every part of the Eastern Archipelago, from Malacca, from Ceylon, from the Malabar Coast, and from Macassar.

The Dutch in turn enjoyed a monopoly of the Indian trade for about a hundred years. Then with the rise of Clive came the downfall of the Dutch, and by 1811 they were stripped of every possession they had in the East. Later, we gave them back Java and Sumatra, with which Holland now does a large trade, reserved exclusively to Dutch vessels. But in Hindustan the Dutch have not a single possession, and it is doubtful if in all the Indian Peninsula there are now a hundred Dutchmen resident.

Two immense streams of trade are constantly setting to and from India and Europe through the Suez Canal and round the Cape. Not only is the bulk of that trade conducted by the well-known Peninsular and Oriental, British India, City, Clan, Anchor, and other lines (though the Messageries Maritimes, North German Lloyd's, and other foreign lines have no mean share), but the whole coast-line of India is served by the steamers of the British-India and Asiatic lines; and British vessels conduct the most of the carrying-trade between India and Australia, China, Japan, the Straits, Mauritius, &c.

A new carrying-trade was created when the Australasian colonies were founded one after the other—in the taking out of home manufactures, implements, machinery, &c., and bringing back wool and tallow; and then gold, wheat, fruit, and frozen meat. This colonial trade is now divided between sailers and steamers, and

in the steamer traffic some of the foreign lines are eagerly bidding for a share. Similarly, a new carrying-trade has been of quite recent years developed by the opening up of South Africa, and this is practically all in British hands.

An important item of international carriage of recent development is the mineral oil of America and Russia. The carriage of these oils is a trade of itself. Another special branch of the world's carrying-trade is connected with the sea-fisheries. All the fishing-grounds of the Atlantic and North Sea may be said to be now connected with the consuming markets by services of steamers. The cod-fishers off the Banks of Newfoundland transfer their dried and salted fish to vessels which speed them to the good Catholics of Spain and France and Italy, just as the steam auxiliaries bring to London the harvests gathered by the boats on the Dogger Bank.

It is computed that on the great ocean highways there are not fewer than ten thousand large and high-powered steamers constantly employed. If it be wondered how sailing-vessels can maintain a place at all in the race of competition in the world's carrying-trade, a word of explanation may be offered. Do not suppose that only rough and low-valued cargo is left for the sailers. They still have the bulk of the cotton and wheat and other valuable products, not only because they can carry more cheaply, but because transport by sailing-vessels gives the merchant a wider choice of market. Cargoes of staple products can always be sold 'to arrive' at some given port, and it is cheaper to put them afloat than to warehouse them ashore and wait for an order.

What, then, are the proportions borne by the several maritime nations in this great international carrying-trade? The question is not one which can be answered with absolute precision, but the tables of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade enable one to find an approximate answer. The latest return, published in 1894, contains the statistics (for the most part) down to 1893, which is sufficiently recent. In that year the tonnage of steam and sailing vessels of all nationalities in the foreign trade entering and clearing at ports in the United Kingdom was 74,632,847, of which 54,148,664 tons were British, and 20,484,183 tons were foreign. In the foreign total, the largest proportions were Norwegian, 5,013,533 tons; German, 3,789,702 tons; Dutch, 2,155,707 tons; Swedish, 1,848,856 tons; Danish, 1,772,837 tons; and French, 1,787,538 tons. The Teutonic races have thus the most of the ocean-carrying; the United States proportion of the above total was only 464,468 tons.

So far the United Kingdom. Now let us see what part British shipping plays in the foreign trade of other countries. In Russia-in-Europe the entrances and clearances were 9,319,806 tons—of which 48·2 per cent. was British; Norway, total 5,775,203 tons—British proportion, 12·7 per cent.; Sweden, 11,446,173 tons—British proportion, 19·1 per cent.; Germany, 22,405,872 tons—British proportion, 36·4 per cent.; Holland, 11,845,875 tons—British proportion, 50·2 per

cent.; France, 28,120,524 tons—British proportion, 44·6 per cent.; Portugal, 11,082,049 tons—British proportion, 51·0 per cent.; Italy, 13,943,927 tons—British proportion, 43·6 per cent.; United States, 33,504,271 tons—British proportion, 51·6 per cent. (Some of the above figures refer to 1892, but are the latest available.)

Not to multiply dry statistics, however, we will give the total tonnage of merchant vessels (steam and sail) belonging to the British Empire in 1893, the figures being the net tonnage of the Board of Trade, not the gross tonnage of Lloyd's Register, which comes out considerably more:

	Tons.
United Kingdom	8,778,503
Canada and Newfoundland.....	985,759
Australasia.....	365,058
British India and Ceylon.....	65,413
Other British Possessions.....	170,834

Total tonnage of British Empire...10,365,567

Let us now, for comparison, give the total tonnage of the merchant navies (steam and sail) of the principal maritime countries of the world:

	Tons.
Russia (estimate).....	500,000
Finland.....	257,854
Norway.....	1,744,993
Sweden.....	548,711
Denmark.....	318,837
Germany.....	1,511,579
Holland.....	292,763
Belgium.....	70,395
France.....	905,606
Italy.....	811,264
Austria-Hungary.....	196,647
Greece.....	311,550
United States (oversea trade).....	899,803
" " (lake and river trade)...	3,925,268

Total.....12,295,270

Roughly speaking, then, the British Empire owns about five-elevenths of the entire shipping of the world. Even so recently as thirty years ago, about two-thirds of the ocean-carrying trade was performed by sailing-vessels; to-day, about four-fifths of it is performed by steamers.

A DEPARTURE FROM TRADITION.

CHAPTER II.

I SHALL never forget the graphic descriptive power my cook betrayed when she told me about the black beetles. The very simplicity of her language and the directness of her thought made me feel as if the horrid things were crawling slowly up my back. I am not interested in zoology, and I flew out and consulted Charles, the groom, who prides himself on his veterinary arts. I don't know what was done. I thought it safer not to ask. Then, no sooner did the beetles sink into oblivion, than it appeared that the kitchen swarmed with mice, and that a particularly powerful-looking one had sent the kitchen-maid into hysterics. I again consulted Charles, and he suggested a cat; so, when I was passing through the village, I told the postmistress that I would give any

child a shilling who would bring me a fine healthy kitten. The following day was Saturday, and there was a meet at Sir Patrick Christie's. The weather was perfect, and we found almost immediately, and had a glorious run. On the way home, spattered and weary and hungry, I suddenly nearly jumped out of my saddle, and an emphatic expression rose to my lips. I had completely forgotten to order the dinner!

All the way back I was hot and cold with misery and anxiety. What might not have happened in my absence? Had that stout cook been kind, and risen to the occasion? Or had she—horrors!—sent up to my wife? Or had she simply taken no steps whatever, and should we sit down to flowers and salt and dinner-rolls?

When I got home I slunk into the back premises, avoiding the half-opened drawing-room door. I found James in the pantry cleaning knives and whistling—happy dog! I would rather it had been one of the maids; but I was desperate.

'James,' I whispered, 'what has cook done, do you know?'

James grinned. 'She's eggsiting herself, sir.'

'Yes, yes, I daresay!—But she has managed somehow, I suppose?'

'She says, sir, she ain't agoing to give 'em nothink, not if they starves, sir!'

I squared my shoulders. 'You need not repeat what cook allowed herself to remark in the privacy of the kitchen,' I told him sternly. —'Has she actually cooked no food?'

James stared at me. 'Well, sir, we could 'ardly expect 'er for to cook anythink, sir, under the circumstances, sir; but Mary—she's a tender-hearted gal, Mary—she *did* make bold to ask a drop o' milk.'

'Milk!' I ejaculated.

'Yessir. Mary said, sir, says she, being so young, sir, says she, and none o' their fault, it go to 'er 'eart for to 'ear 'em squeak.'

'Enough of this, James!' I cried angrily. 'This is not the way to speak of your mistress and myself. I will see cook.'

'I don't rightly understand you, sir, axin' yer pardon, but I warn't speaking of the missus and you, sir. But I wouldn't go a-near cook, sir, not if I was you—no, I wouldn't! She says you've done it o' purpose to plague 'er. She's in a orful way along of them cats,' he added confidentially.

'Cats? What cats?'

'Why, sir, *that's* what I've been a-telling you of. I thought as you was axin'.'

'What cats?' I repeated, a growing disquiet creeping over me.

'Why, the cats as you sent in from the village, sir! Twenty-one 'as arrived, and they be still coming, all sizes. Ten tabbies, sir, nothink to speak of; two whites, sir, which I 'ear is generally deaf; five black as soot, sir; two sandy, and one tortoiseshell as is wuth keeping. Cook's eggsited.'

The dinner paled by comparison. Beetles, mice, cats! It was as bad as the plagues of Egypt. I went up and tubbed and changed. The dinner was excellent, and I gave orders that every child should be sent for, and given

another shilling to claim and take away its own animal. The whole transaction cost me two pounds nine. In the long-run I fancy it must have cost me considerably more, for the kitten we retained, though it was of a very tender age, regaled itself on beef and mutton, several roast ducks, bottled beer, ham and eggs, cold game, fresh butter, Stilton cheese, crystalised ginger, green tea, and cognac. Besides being so unblushingly omnivorous, it broke a good deal of crockery, a Venetian glass decanter, and a piece of valuable Sèvres; and it was also guilty of denting the silver urn by falling heavily against it.

The next plague that visited me was the monthly bills at the beginning of November. The cook had managed the orders to the tradespeople, and now they all sent in little account-books. I added up the totals on a bit of blotting-paper after I had made out the cheques. Then I multiplied that by twelve, and added what my horse and man cost me, and what my tailor cost me, and double what my tailor cost me for what my wife's dress would probably come to when her trousseau was worn out; and then I put down the servants' wages, and a good round sum for a holiday, and then I added it all up. It came to exactly a hundred pounds more than my annual income. I halved my wife's dress allowance, and was just going to add it all up again, when a host of other expenses crowded in on my memory—cabs, my club, theatre tickets, doctor's bill. I felt so depressed that Edith noticed my wan looks.

'I—I'm not sleeping very well, dear,' I said. This was perfectly true: I had so much to think of at night.

'Dear me!' she cried, opening her gray eyes. 'Neither am I! I have been working too hard, I think. We must both have a change soon.'

Alas, poor girl! She was all unconscious that ruin stared us in the face. I gazed at her sorrowfully. She was *not* looking well—dark rings encircled her eyes, and she was pale and thin.

'You are overworking yourself,' I said with sudden conviction.

She laughed nervously. 'Well, perhaps I am,' she owned.

That night, a fork dropped from my nerveless hand, and fell with a clang. Edith started and screamed.

'Your nerves are overwrought,' I told her.

Half an hour later, she dropped her coffee spoon into the fender. I bounded off my chair.

'Why, you have nerves too, Harry!' she exclaimed. 'Are you smoking too much?'

We had in the local man to see us both, and he spoke to me seriously about letting Edith work so hard.

'She is a delicate, highly strung organism,' he said sternly; 'and I warn you that if we don't take care, we shall have her on our hands with a nervous fever. She tells me she works six hours a day. That must be put a stop to at once. I shall prescribe a tonic; but she must have complete rest.'

I felt very dispirited. The medical man evidently blamed me, and I was too weak and crushed to complain.

My wife obeyed the doctor for some days; but the result was disastrous to me. She went about the house and noticed things. She had a way of touching furniture and books with her handkerchief, and of course the dust came off. Then she sighed and looked at me. I took no notice. It was most interfering.

It was about this time that my cook gave me warning. I ran up-stairs and told Edith.

'You'll have to get another,' she said calmly.

I felt sick and faint.

'And I think you had better dismiss Jane the housemaid too,' she went on. 'The house is getting very dirty.'

'I fancy you had better leave that to me, my dear,' I remarked with some asperity. 'And may I ask you how you come to know that the housemaid's name is Jane?'

About a week after this, Lady Christie sent a note to say that she heard we were looking for a cook, and that hers was leaving her, and that she could send her to be interviewed. Lady Christie wrote to my wife: people cling to these old-fashioned prejudices, and seem to think that it must necessarily be the lady of the house who looks after domestic matters.

That evening the cook came. My wife remained in the room, at my request, and busied herself with a newspaper. The woman brought her umbrella in with her, and stood in the middle of the floor.

'Oh—ah! Good-evening!' I said.

'Good-evening, sir.'

'Won't you take a seat?' I asked, wheeling forward an armchair.

My wife rustled a newspaper.

The woman preferred to stand, so I stood too—first on one foot and then on the other—for I couldn't think what the dickens I should say to her next.

Suddenly I had a brilliant inspiration. 'Do you wear pink cotton dresses in the morning?' I asked.

'Henry!' my wife exclaimed, looking over the top of her newspaper.

'Er—er—can you cook a steak without letting the gravy run out?' I hastily went on.

The woman seemed to think she could.

'Well, I think you will suit,' I told her.

'Wages, reason of leaving, age, church, length of character, parentage,' prompted a voice from behind the newspaper.

The woman said she did not think the situation would suit her, and she went away.

My wife was curiously put out, and audibly wondered what Lady Christie would think. I made up my mind to have a list of questions written out before I interviewed another, and to take down the answers in writing.

Next day the housemaid gave warning. I was terribly upset. I could scarcely eat a crumb all day, and I lay awake from two until ten. My wife noticed my pallid visage when I came down to breakfast. I had somehow run short of coals, and we had no fires in the house that day, and nothing could be cooked. We neither of us had much appetite, so it didn't really matter. Also Mary was ill, I was told; and Jane waited on us. Her boots

creaked; and, in the state Edith's and my nerves were in, we could not stand that. I wrote for coals, and sent James for the doctor, and then I went to my smoking-room and sat looking at the cigar ends lying in among yesterday's ashes in the fender; and thought over the position. Perhaps it was the cigar ends, or perhaps the odour of stale smoke, or perhaps it was the intervention of my good angel, but suddenly George Seton came into my mind, and hope entered my heart.

I found my wife walking up and down the library to keep warm. The dust had gathered on her books and papers since she had been idle.

'Edith,' I said, 'I find I shall have to run up to town this afternoon to see about servants.'

'Very well,' she replied listlessly.

Then I walked to the station and wired to George: 'In a difficulty. Dine with me at the club to-night.'

It wasn't till after the train had fairly started that I remembered I had wired the identical words George had used to me the night before my marriage. Ah, well! How strangely things come round!

George dined with me at the club. We had a cosy little dinner: it was quite like old times. Afterwards, we lit our pipes. It was difficult to tell George all about it—he would laugh. He laughed till I thought he would choke, and then he asked me to let him think it over, and he would breakfast with me next morning at my hotel, and give me the results of his reflections. George has a good strong chin; and, though he is not a married man, it is not always married men who understand women the best. In fact, I sometimes fancy that men who understand women the best remain unmarried. Anyway, after I had put my brief into George's hands, I somehow felt a great weight off my mind.

I returned home in the course of the morning. 'Have you found servants?' was my wife's first question.

'No,' I replied; 'I have not.'

'Then what are you going to do, Harry? You really must bestir yourself! It is only a fortnight now till they leave, and several people are asked to dine here on the 27th, and I'm sure'—Edith had grown a trifle irritable in these days. It was a good sign.

'My dear,' I said to her, 'I am not going to engage servants. I find that they are completely old-fashioned, and that we are behind the time in submitting to this obsolete custom. Now, whatever else people may say of us, they cannot say that we are behind the time, or that obsolete customs find consideration at our hands.'

'No,' my wife agreed. Did I detect a tinge of regret in her tone?

'I find that in London most up-to-date people live on the co-operative system. We can't manage this, living, as we do, in the country. Our houses are not adapted for modern ideas. There is a kitchen, several pantries—a whole suite of rooms dedicated to the service of pampered menials, who eat our bread and take our money, and whose slaves we are.'

Edith looked impressed. I felt I had done well—it was almost word for word what George had jotted down for me.

'And so,' I went on, gaining courage and dignity, 'I intend adopting another expedient, which many of my friends have had recourse to with infinite success. I am going to dismiss all our servants, and employ lady-helps.'

'Oh!' said my wife.

'I—I have seen one or two already,' I went on, blushing at the fib, for I am a truthful man.

My wife mistook my faltering tones. 'What were they like?' she asked.

'They were simply charming.'

'Oh!—But would they—do the work?'

'Ah, well,' I replied evasively, 'one leaves that to them, you know.'

'How do they dress?'

'I am not good at describing dress,' I replied, 'but I think they wear—well, the sort of thing you have got on.'

'Nonsense, Harry!' said my wife sharply; and, looking at her, I became aware she had on some sort of morning robe, with a profusion of lace and ribbons.

'Would they—dine with us?'

'Edith,' I said, with an assumption of sternness, 'if you for a moment suppose that I should permit any gently nurtured lady to feel herself slighted in this house, or to be shown even the negative discourtesy implied by'—

'Don't be silly!—how can a woman cook the dinner and eat it at one and the same time?'

'A clever woman is capable of anything. I am told it is wonderful how these lady-helps adapt themselves—how they get through their arduous domestic tasks, and yet appear always at leisure. The household matters move on oiled wheels, and one is never made aware of any haste or disquiet. It is a wonderful gift that some women have. The lady I saw seemed very well read, by the way. She told me she was a Brownigite. I thought it would be so companionable for you, dear. But she was very interested in cookery too, so I shan't be left quite out in the cold.'

My wife's gray eyes opened to their extreme limit. She played with her rings nervously. 'How many would you employ?' she asked presently.

'About six,' I said, at random.

My wife got up from the table and stood by me on the hearthrug. 'We—we should have no—no—time to ourselves,' she murmured, in a quivering voice.

'Neither do we under the old yoke of servants.'

'Six lady-helps!—Wouldn't they—wouldn't they rather wonder that I didn't—I mean—they might think that I ought'—

'So do the servants,' I said grimly.

There was a long pause, then I got up. 'I will telegraph to them all to-day,' I said, with a business-like promptness.

My wife flung herself into my arms. 'Harry!' she sobbed, 'Harry, Harry dear! I couldn't b—b—bear it! Give me the keys!'

When George Seton came to stay with us at Christmas, ours was the most charming house in all England, and my wife the best house-keeper in the world.

CROWNS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

It may interest the studious in the art of heraldry to trace the gradual development of Crowns, from the crude and curious fillet of metals, and garlands made with branches or leaves of plants and trees, to be met with among the records of ancient history and the middle ages, to the gorgeous and costly 'state crowns,' resplendent in gold and precious jewels, worn by the kings and queens of modern times.

The first mention of such ornaments comes to us from Scripture, and their use seems to have been very common among the Hebrews. According to Holy Writ, the high-priest was accustomed, on occasions of great solemnity, to wear a 'crown' composed of a fillet or band of gold or silver placed upon the forehead, and tied with a ribbon of a hyacinth or azure-blue colour; and even private priests and common Israelites must have been in the habit of wearing, on certain days, some sort of ornamental head-work, since God commanded Ezekiel 'not to take off his crown, nor assume the marks of one in mourning.' The construction of these early crowns we read about appears to have been exceedingly simple—practically nothing more or less than bandlets drawn round the head and tied behind, as we still see it represented on medals and old coins round the heads of Jupiter, the Ptolemies, and kings of Syria. Afterwards, they consisted of two bandlets; and then, by degrees, branches of various kinds of trees were introduced; and woods and groves were ransacked for different sorts of wood and plants for decorating the statues and images of their gods, and for the service of kings and emperors, and the sacrifices of the priests.

Among the Greeks, the crowns given to those who carried off the prizes at the Isthmian Games were made of pinewood; at the Olympian festivities, of laurel; and at the Nemean celebrations, of smallage. The Roman emperors had four kinds of crowns, emblematic of their royal dignity and sovereign power—namely, a crown of laurels; a radial or radiating crown; a crown adorned with pearls and precious stones; and a kind of bonnet or cap something similar to the mortar. In Constantine's time, the fillet of pearls came into general use, which the later Byzantine emperors turned into a coronet. It was originally only a band of gold, and then transformed into a garland, and subsequently into stuff adorned with pearls. Manuel Palæologus, crowned in 1363, wore a close-fitting crown studded with pearls. The Romans had also various kinds of crowns which they distributed as rewards for martial exploits and extraordinary services on behalf of the Republic: (1) the Oval Crown, made of myrtle, and bestowed upon generals who were entitled to the honours of the 'lesser triumph,' called Ovation. (2) The Naval or Rostral

Crown, composed of a circle of gold with ornaments representing 'beaks' of ships, and given to the captain who first grappled, or the soldier who first boarded, an enemy's ship. (3) The crown known in Latin as 'Vallaris Castrensis,' a circle of gold raised with jewels or palisades, the reward of the general who first forced the enemy's intrenchments. (4) The Mural Crown, a circle of gold indented and embattled, given to the warrior who first mounted the wall of a besieged place, and successfully lodged a standard or flag thereon. (5) The Civic Crown (made of the branch of a green oak), a garland of oak leaves, bestowed upon a Roman soldier who had saved the life of a citizen. (6) The Triumphal Crown, consisting at first of wreaths of laurel, but afterwards, made of gold—the reward of such generals as had the good fortune to be successful in battle. (7) The crown called 'Obsidionalis' or 'Graminea,' made of the 'common grass' found growing on the scene of action, and bestowed only for the deliverance of an army when reduced to the last extremity. This was esteemed the highest military reward among the Roman soldiery. Athletic crowns and crowns of laurel, destined as rewards at public games, and many other kinds of crowns for use in various Roman sports, are frequently found mentioned in the annals of Roman history.

Examples of some of these crowns are constantly met with in modern achievements; for instance, the mural crown in the case of Lord Montford, which was conferred on Sir John Bromley, one of his lordship's ancestors, as an augmentation to his arms, for his great personal bravery at the battle of Le Crobey. Part of the crest of Lord Archer is also a mural crown, and there are no fewer than ten English baronets whose arms are ornamented with the same crown. Then, again, we have an instance of the 'Castrense' or 'Vallery' crown in the coat of arms of Sir Reginald Graham. The radiated crown appears also to have been placed over the arms of the kings of England till the time of Edward III. It is still used as a crest on the arms of some private families; for example, those borne by the name of Whitfield are ornamented with a radiated crown. The celestial crown is formed like the radiated, with the addition of a star on each ray; and it is only used upon tombstones, monuments, and the like.

The Pope or Bishop of Rome appropriates to himself a tiara or triple crown—similar to the lofty ornamental head-dress of the ancient Persians, and not unlike the mitre of the Jewish high-priest—a long cap of golden cloth, from which hang two pendants embroidered and fringed at the ends, semé of crosses of gold. This cap is enclosed by three marquises' coronets, having a mound of gold on its top, surmounted by a cross of the same precious metal, which cross is represented by engravers and painters pommetted, recrossed, flowery, or plain. It is a difficult matter to ascertain the time when these haughty prelates first assumed the three fore-mentioned coronets. An engraving published a few years ago, by order of Clement XIII., the late Pope—for the edification of his good subjects in Great Britain and

Ireland—represents Marcellus, who was chosen Bishop of Rome in the year 307, and all his successors, adorned with a crown of this description. But, according to some authorities, Boniface VIII., who was elected into the see of Rome in the year 1294, first compassed his cap with a coronet; Benedict XII. in 1335 adding a second to it; and John XXIII. in 1411 a third, with a view to indicate by them that the Pope is the sovereign priest, the supreme judge, and the sole legislator among Christians.

The celebrated and ancient Iron Crown of Lombardy—removed to Vienna in 1859, but restored to the king of Italy in 1866—consisting of a broad circle of gold set with large precious stones, takes its name from the 'sacred iron band' within it, which is about three-eighths of an inch broad, and one-tenth of an inch in thickness. This band is traditionally said to have been made out of one of the nails used at the Crucifixion, and given to Constantine by his mother, the Empress Helena. Afterwards, it was used at the coronation of the Lombard kings, primarily at that of Agilulphus, at Milan, in the year 591. The outer circlet of the crown is composed of six equal parts of beaten gold, joined together by hinges, and set with large rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, on a ground of blue gold enamel. Within the circlet is the 'iron band,' without a speck of rust upon it, although it has existed for more than fifteen hundred years.

When the Emperor Napoleon I. was crowned king of Italy at Milan, May 23, 1805, he placed the iron crown of Lombardy upon his head with his own hands, exclaiming: 'Dieu me l'a donné; gare à qui la touche' (God has given it to me; beware who touches it), which was the haughty motto attached to it by its ancient owners.

The Hungarian crown, worn at their accession by the Emperors of Austria as kings of Hungary, is the identical one worn by Stephen eight hundred years ago. It is of pure gold, and weighs nine marks six ounces (fourteen pounds), and is adorned with fifty-three sapphires, fifty rubies, one emerald, and three hundred and thirty-eight pearls.

The crown of the kings of France is a circle enamelled, adorned with precious stones, and heightened up with eight arched diadems, rising from as many fleurs-de-lis, that conjoin at the top under a double fleur-de-lis, all of gold.

The crowns of Spain, Portugal, and Poland are all three of the same form, and are described by Colonel Parsons, in his *Genealogical Tables of Europe*, as 'ducal coronets heightened up with eight arched diadems supporting a mound, ensigned with a plain gold cross.' The crowns of Denmark and Sweden are of almost similar shape, consisting of the eight arched diadems, rising from a marquis's coronet (a circle of gold bordered with ermine, set round with four strawberry leaves, and as many pearls on pyramidal points of equal height, alternate), which conjoin at the top under a mound ensigned with a cross-bottonnée. The kings of most other Continental countries are crowned with circles of gold adorned with precious stones, and heightened up with large 'trefoils,'

and closed by four, six, or eight diadems supporting a mound surmounted by a cross. The trefoil upon the crown is thought to be of Gothic introduction. We find it upon the coins of Clovis and his sons, which has induced antiquaries to call it the 'fleur-de-lis' (the lily of France, represented in gold on a blue ground); but the fact is these trefoils were used on Constantinopolitan crowns before the time of the Franks, and afterwards on those of German Princes in no way allied to Charlemagne. Aubrey, a celebrated authority upon heraldry, was of opinion that the fleur-de-lis is really nothing more than a spear-head adorned, no flower of the lily kind having the middle part solid. The Sultan of Turkey bears over his arms a turban enriched with pearls and diamonds, under two coronets, the first of which is made of pyramidal points heightened up with large pearls; and the uppermost is surmounted with crescents.

With regard to the crown used in our own country, a fillet diadem of pearls appears on several of the Saxon *scattre*. Similar diadems or fillets adorn the heads of many of the Heptarchic kings. Alfred's crown has two little bells attached; it is said to have been long preserved at Westminster, and may have been that described in the Parliamentary inventory taken in 1649. The circle, surmounted by three small projections, first occurs upon the coins of Athelstan; on some of Edred's coins the projections end in pearls. A radiated cap appears first on a coin of Ethelred II.; and the 'trefoil' ornament is noticeable upon a few of the coins of Canute. Several varieties of arched cap and crown appear upon the coins of Edward the Confessor. The close or arched crown, which appears on some of the Confessor's coins, is used on all the types of Harold, and was adopted by the earlier Norman kings. On the Confessor's and the 'Conqueror's' coins we see labels appended at each ear; these, as we learn from an anecdote related by William of Malmesbury, in wearing the crown, were fastened by a clasp or button beneath the chin.

William I. wore his crown on a cap adorned with points and leaves alternately, each point being tipped with three pearls; while the whole crown was surmounted by a cross. William Rufus discontinued the leaves. On the coins of Stephen and Henry II. the open crown with fleurs-de-lis appears. Henry III. was crowned with a plain circle of gold, in lieu of the crown, which had been lost with the other jewels and baggage of King John in passing the marshes of Lynn, on the Wash, near Wisbech. Edward III. wore his crown ornamented with points fleurs-de-lis alternately, and fleurs-de-lis and crosses, as at present. Selden had read that Henry V. was the first of them who wore the arched crown; and in a window of Ockholt Manor-house, in Berkshire, 1465, there certainly remained, till within a few years, the arms of Henry VI. and his queen, Margaret of Anjou, in separate coats, both surmounted by the arched barred crown. From Henry VII. downward, this arched crown, with the globe and cross, has been continued.

'St Edward's crown' was made in imitation of the ancient crown said to have been worn by

the Confessor, and kept in Westminster Abbey till the beginning of the Civil War in England, when, with the rest of the regalia, it was seized and sold. A new crown was prepared for Charles II. A magnificent crown was made for George IV. with the jewels of the old crown, and jewels borrowed of Rundell & Bridge, the Crown jewellers. This crown was fifteen inches in height; but the arches were not flat, as in the former crown, but rose almost to a point, and were surmounted by an orb of brilliants, upon which was placed a Maltese cross of brilliants with three fine pearls at its extremities. The arches were wreathed and fringed with diamonds, and four Maltese crosses of brilliants surrounded the crown, with four large diamond flowers intervening. On the centre of the back cross was the 'ancient ruby' which was worn at Crécy and Agincourt by the Black Prince and Henry V.; while the centre of the front cross was adorned with a splendid sapphire, more than two inches long and one inch broad; and a band of large diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and rubies completed this magnificent diadem. It was estimated to be worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and the expenses upon it, preparatory to the coronation of George IV., amounted to fifty or sixty thousand pounds, over and above the addition of the inestimable and unique sapphires.

The state crown of Queen Victoria was made for Her Majesty by Rundell & Bridge in 1838 with jewels taken from old crowns, and others furnished by the Queen's command. The following is a summary of jewels in the crown: 1 large ruby, 1 large broad sapphire, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 rubies, 1363 brilliant diamonds, 1273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, 4 drop-shaped pearls, and 273 pearls. Unlike most other princely crowns in Europe, all the jewels in the British crown are really precious stones; whereas, in other state crowns, valuable stones have been replaced with imitation stones of coloured glass.

HOW THE TOWN WAS SAVED.

HE was not romantic to look at; indeed, there was something almost comic in the short stout figure, clad in its washed-out blouse, and the wrinkled sunburnt face under the faded *bonnet-rouge*, and yet in the heart of Pierre Goblet there were thoughts and feelings that might have done honour to some knight of old. For he was a patriot, this old French miller, fired with an enthusiasm that threescore years and ten had been unable to quench. His father had been one of the *Grande Armée* in the great Emperor's time; and from his boyhood Pierre had held in loyal veneration the image of the little man in the gray coat, who had led his conquering armies across Europe, and had made France a power to be dreaded far and wide. But many changes had passed over France since those days, changes that Pierre Goblet had watched with a sad heart.

In the summer of 1870, when the Franco-German war was at its height, Pierre Goblet stood one evening at the threshold of his home,

smoking his pipe. The old mill, which had belonged to the Goblets for many generations, was built on the summit of some rising ground, and could be seen for many miles. The miller's little cottage was attached to the mill, but no other house was near. A few miles away lay the town of St André, the town to which the Goblets belonged. The whole scene was very fair to look upon in its summer beauty. Rich pasture-lands and vineyards, and on the summit of the hill the picturesque old mill, with the quaint little town plainly discernible in the distance. On the other side of the hill, away from the town, was a wood of old trees, which extended for many acres. Some of the trees, firs and others, were very ancient, and gave a dark, shadowy aspect to the whole.

The miller smoked thoughtfully as he gazed out before him along the white dusty road that led to the town. He was quite alone, for the few men he employed about the mill had gone to St André with a load of flour, and would not return with their empty wagons until the following day. It was a busy, anxious time for the inhabitants of St André, for they knew not when the Germans might be upon them, and they were preparing to hold their own against them, as St André was a fortified town, and, with proper care and precaution, they hoped to defend it at least against a sudden attack. For months past old Pierre had gone down to the village night after night to hear the last news, and to talk to the few men the war had left behind. The miller talked his heart out, trying to infect his neighbours with some of his own patriotic notions. But Pierre Goblet belonged to a bygone age, and the men, young and old, who gathered round him, although they listened respectfully enough, were too apathetic to understand him. They smoked and drank, while he, leaving the red wine untasted in his glass, talked and gesticulated, his dim eyes growing bright with the fire within him. But he did more than talk; he urged the townspeople on to some purpose in their preparations to sustain a siege, and in these preparations he himself gave substantial aid, for he kept his mill going early and late, until he had ground sufficient corn to keep the town in bread for many months to come.

Pierre Goblet had one child, a daughter, who was married to one of the chief shopkeepers of St André. Babette was a young and pretty woman. She was very fond of her father, yet she sympathised with him as little as any one in the town. This young French matron rejoiced in the fact that her Jules, to whom she had been married but a few months, had been passed over by the conscription on account of a slight deafness. She and her father could not think alike on this, or indeed on any subject connected with the war. One day, when the preparations for fortifying the town were nearly completed, Babette declared that, when all was done, her father must come and stay with her until the war troubles were at an end. Old Pierre could not endure the thought of leaving his mill, and he said: 'I suppose it must be so, little one, since I am too old to carry a gun.'

'My father,' the girl cried quickly, 'why regret that you cannot go out to be killed?'

If you were the youngest and the strongest, what difference could one man make?'

'Ah! child, that is the spirit of the age, that would shirk all responsibility,' the old man answered sadly. 'But that was not what the soldiers in my young days were taught. Then each man who went to swell the numbers of those conquering armies felt that it rested with him, individually, whether the end should be victory or disaster!'

The only answer to this speech was a ringing laugh, and then Babette pressed her pretty lips caressingly on the miller's bald head, and so the father and daughter parted; the old man making his way back to the mill, from which, the next day, he despatched the last load of flour to the town.

The twilight deepened as Pierre Goblet stood by the solitary mill, gazing dreamily out before him. He was so lost in thought that his pipe had died out unheeded, and he did not hear the sound of approaching footsteps. It was only when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder that he turned and found himself surrounded by some half-dozen big men in the Prussian uniform. Before Pierre had realised what had happened, he had drifted, with the soldiers, into the cottage, and the door was closed upon them. The man who had first accosted him still kept his hand upon his arm; and as the miller looked at him, he saw, from his dress and bearing, that he was an officer. He gave the old man a little impatient shake, as if to arrest his attention, and then addressed him in very fluent French.

'Monsieur le Miller, we have come to intrude ourselves upon your hospitality,' he said. 'Remember that you cannot say us no; so take matters with a good grace, and bring out quickly all your larder boasts in the way of meat and drink.'

Pierre Goblet saw that resistance was useless, and without a word he turned to obey. As he moved about he could hear the officer and his men talking eagerly together, but their tongue was an unintelligible jargon to him—he could not understand a word.

The officer seated himself at the table, and the men waited upon him before satisfying their own hunger. Then meat, bread, and wine were placed in a basket, and two of the men left the cottage carrying it between them. From the window Pierre Goblet watched them making their way in the direction of the wood. They were evidently taking food to some other officers who were left in charge of men there. It was too dark for Pierre to distinguish anything, but he felt certain that a large body of men—perhaps many thousands—were concealed among the trees, only waiting until it was night that they might swoop down upon St André and take it by surprise.

The old miller's heart sank within him as he thought of the little town, whose fast approaching doom seemed inevitable. If only it were possible to warn the inhabitants of their danger! But he was a prisoner in his own home. An hour went by, and the daylight slowly faded. The officer who had taken possession of the cottage was joined by another, a younger man, and they sat together over the fire smoking

and talking. Above the chimney-piece was a coloured print of the first Napoleon. It was a poor little picture, and did but scant justice to the handsome face it was supposed to represent; but the cocked-hat, the gray coat, and the faded red ribbon across the breast, were all familiar to Pierre, and he had cherished the little portrait for many years. All at once the younger of the two Germans caught sight of it. He gave a derisive laugh, and snatching it from the wall, tossed it upon the fire. There was a bright flame for an instant; then a scrap of black charred paper floated upwards in the smoke. With set teeth, Pierre Goblet stood and watched. The expression of his face was inscrutable, but as his eyes followed that black atom, as it disappeared up the open chimney, a sudden moisture filled them that made the whole place swim. Then he went slowly from the room. He scarcely glanced at the outer door, where the soldiers were standing to prevent any one from passing out, but turned along a narrow passage to where a flight of wooden steps led up to the granary of the mill. He ascended them slowly and pushed open the trap-door. The soldiers made no effort to detain him, for they knew that it was impossible that he could escape through the mill.

Pierre Goblet emerged into the granary and closed the trap-door after him, and fastened it. He had no special object in going to the mill except that he might find solitude. He stood still and ruminated. On the whitened floor empty sacks and odds and ends were strewn about, and among them he noticed a large can that was filled with petroleum. He was always well supplied with this oil, for it was used for the many lamps about the mill, but having no further need for it at present, he had directed that this can should be taken in the last wagon and left in the town, as he thought his daughter might find it useful in the time of siege when necessaries ran short. However, his instructions had been forgotten, and the petroleum remained behind. At another time the carelessness of his men would have annoyed him, but his mind was too full of a large trouble now for a small one to give him a second thought.

A wooden ladder ran up the side of the mill to the little door-like window that opened just behind the wheel. Pierre Goblet mounted the ladder, opened the window, and leaned out. Only a foot or two from him the great sails were going steadily round and round—the four huge arms that had been familiar to him since his childhood; and to him each had an individuality of its own. He knew them by the way the little bits of canvas had been patched and mended by his dexterous fingers; a scrap of brown canvas, that he had put in only a few days ago, caught his eye, and as it passed him again and again, mechanically he counted the evolutions of the wheel, for his nerves were strained to such high tension that he scarcely knew what he did. On and on went the sails with their steady, monotonous motion, and the great wheel groaned and creaked in its socket.

Then Pierre Goblet turned his eyes away from the mill and looked straight before him, to where—a few miles distant—the little town lay; and he thought of its unconscious inhabit-

ants. They little knew what that night would bring them, that to many it might be their last on earth. Next the old man looked towards the wood. It was grim, dark, impenetrable. But in his fancy he could see men armed to the teeth, who watched and waited, ready at the first word of command to spring upon their prey. Then Pierre Goblet lifted his head and looked up into the clear cool sky, where a few pale stars were shining. His lips did not move, but from his heart went up an agonised cry that he might be shown a way to help his countrymen. If he were even then upon the road, he knew he should not have time to reach the town. Most likely, a German bullet would find him out, and he would fall lifeless by the road-side, his work undone. How could he warn St André? Their preparations to receive the enemy were so nearly completed, and a few hours would make so much difference!

All at once the light of inspiration came into the old man's face; his eyes glowed with a sudden eager hope. He did not hesitate for an instant. Carefully he clambered down the ladder back on to the granary floor. First he took a dark-lantern from a shelf and lighted it; next, he found a long thin stick, which he placed with the lantern, ready for his use. Then he uncorked the can of petroleum and carried it slowly and steadily up the ladder. He leaned from the little window as far as he was able, and tilted the can gently, so that a stream of oil fell upon the great sails as they passed. Again and again each arm in turn received its portion, until the wind-dried canvas was soaked through and through, and the ponderous wheel groaned and creaked more loudly under its increasing weight.

Pierre Goblet replaced the empty can, and taking up the lantern and the stick, he mounted the ladder once more. But before he proceeded with his operations, he glanced in the direction of the town, and there was a smile on his lips as he murmured: 'Ah! my little Babette, one man—and an old man too—may make a difference!' Then, pushing back the slide of the lantern, he lit the stick, and leaning from the window, he fired his beacon! He touched each arm as it passed, and in an instant a huge wheel of fire, that could be seen for many miles, was whirling round.

Pierre Goblet knew that in a very short space the whole mill would be on fire. Still, that blazing wheel must attract attention, and one moment was enough to give an alarm.

The smell of fire, the noise of burning wood, brought the Germans hurrying from the cottage. But Pierre Goblet heeded them not. He stood there gazing from the window, though he was almost blinded by the flames as they passed close to him. There was a look of breathless expectation on his face, which, after a moment, changed to one of intense relief. For a strange conviction had come to him that the alarm was taken! He knew, as surely as if he had been among them, that at the eleventh hour the people realised their danger, and would be prepared.

The old man's eyes glowed with a rapturous happiness as he gazed up into the starry

heavens with a mingled cry of gratitude and supplication. Then, as he felt that the fire and smoke were overpowering him, he roused himself for one last effort. Waving his hand towards the German soldiers, he shouted in a voice that rang out loud and clear, 'Vive la France!'

NEW CALEDONIA.

THE official announcement recently made by the French Government to the effect that it had determined to cease transporting criminals to New Caledonia, has closed a period which to many interests of the South Seas was one of fear and friction. Negotiations towards some such result as that stated have been going on for many years, the Australian colonies more than once manifesting a desire to force the hand of British diplomacy, so real was the injury they sustained by the nearness of the penal settlement, and so great was the apprehension that that injury would grow in aggravating bitterness as the years went by. New Caledonia is seven hundred and thirty miles from the coast of Queensland, its capital, Noumea, being ten hundred and fifty miles from Sydney; and venturesome spirits, goaded by the system of control on the island, thought little of making a dash for freedom across these miles of sea. It looked, therefore, as if Australia, which resisted so stoutly the advent of criminals from England forty-six years ago, would in time find itself burdened with numbers of as bad, if not worse, ones from France.

A short while back, seven such escapes sighted Queensland after a perilous trip of eighteen days in an open boat. They had stolen the boat from a publican on the island, stored it with eighty pounds of rice, sixty coco-nuts, and a small bag of biscuits, and committed themselves to the waves. When they reached the Barrier, lying off the Queensland coast, the boat was capsized, and men and provisions were precipitated into the sea. The breakers which capsized the boat washed it over into smooth water, where the men again regained it, and, righting it, continued the voyage, but now without a mouthful of food in their possession. Five days later they arrived at Whitsunday Island, in the sorriest of plights, and were befriended by a tribe of black-fellows, until the Queensland police discovered and arrested them as escaped convicts. Persons arrested on this charge are tried by a special court, and if found guilty, are handed over to the New Caledonian authorities to be redelivered at the settlement. Escapes like that narrated are numerous, but arrests such as described are seldom so prompt or sure. Convicts have struck the mainland unobserved, and made their way into the bush, where they have become station hands, or fallen into the ways of the nomadic 'swagsman,' and no particular notice has been taken of them. Sometimes, too, they discover friends of their own nationality, and are helped to successfully disguise themselves and their objects; and usually, if they are found settled down, they are not interfered with. But when they are unlucky enough to put into any large

town, they mostly go to the bad, or are caught and sent back. During the Communist excitement of 1874, the well-known Rochefort, with five associates, escaped from New Caledonia, and landed at Newcastle, New South Wales, where their history became at once known, and friends and enemies were set in motion. The ordinary convict who reaches a large town is, however, either tamely caught, or he drops in among the dregs of the population, and applies himself industriously to some form of midnight law-breaking. He mostly takes up the line which originally caused his deportation from France, and often displays skill and presence of mind in his operations. Coining, burglary, safe-robbing, and waylaying the tipsy or belated, are favourite exploits with this class of criminal; and sometimes the work is done with such perfection of detail, that detectives know the nationality of the perpetrator before they lay hands on him. It may be that these escapes have not been at any time so numerous as the Australian public assert, but seeing that they so often come to light when gangs of thieves are captured, or a course of systematic crime is suddenly stopped, the general impression as to their numbers may not be far astray.

The French Government classifies its New Caledonian convicts as 'recidivistes,' 'condamnés,' and 'libérés,' the first meaning habitual criminals; the second, persons undergoing a sentence; and the third, what we would call 'ticket-of-leave men,' or persons sometimes who have fulfilled their term of punishment, but who are refused permission to return to France. The recidivistes and condamnés are ever on the watch for a chance to escape. They esteem almost any spot on earth as a better place to live than where they are. Some of the libérés are not very objectionable, and in the days when those of them who would not be permitted to return to France were allowed to go to America or Australia, they frequently behaved well, and adopted industrious and lawful occupations. Many of them drifted to the New Hebrides, and are now in independent circumstances there. But the privilege of leaving New Caledonia for America or Australia was withdrawn some years ago, and hence the convicts must now be kept on the island.

In 1882 a trading company was formed with the object of transferring some of this convict labour to the New Hebrides. As such a transfer would increase French power in the latter group of islands, as well as make room for fresh consignments of convicts in the old quarters, the French Government took up the idea with zest, and established as a preliminary two military posts in the neighbourhood. But England, vigorously prompted by Australia, protested against the scheme with such effect that it was abandoned; and in six years after, the military posts were abolished. M. Biard d'Aunet, the French Consul-general at present in New South Wales, visited New Caledonia about a year ago, and discussed with the Governor of the settlement various projects for the termination of transportation. M. Biard d'Aunet was fully possessed of the Australian sentiment on the matter, and the outcome of the conference was a series of recommendations

to the French Government, which culminated in the decree of the Chamber of Deputies directing that transportation to New Caledonia should cease, and that in future convicts should be sent to one of the French possessions in Africa.

The news of the cessation of transportation was received by the business portion of the New Caledonian community with undisguised ill-favour. The mineral resources of the island are very great, and are as yet but partially tapped. Chrome, cobalt, and nickel abound. The soil is fruitful; coco-nuts, bananas, and bread-fruits growing wild. Sugar-cane and coffee-planting, and other industries of a tropical character, promise to be profitable pursuits. With quick returns from these sources in mind, employers of labour naturally desired cheap workmen, and the convict system which obtained lent itself admirably to their needs. In 1879 the Government entered into a compact with Mr John Higginson, a naturalised Frenchman and old Noumean resident, whereby he was granted the services of three hundred convicts for twenty years, at the charge of one penny per day per man, the Government agreeing to feed and clothe them during that period. Three or four similar agreements were entered into with other employers. Seventy Chinese convicts lately landed at Noumea, were immediately hired out to applicants for their services. The sentences on these convicts ran from five to fifteen years, and the applicants paid the hiring bureau a trifling sum per year of sentence, and guaranteed to pay the convicts afterwards at the rate of twelve shillings per month. Consequently, it is not surprising that the news of the impending change produced a disquieting effect.

But the die is cast. New Caledonia enters the list of free countries. Though the immediate effect may be injurious to some businesses, general business is sure to be favourably affected, and social and political life to be improved. New South Wales ceased to be a convict settlement in 1839, Van Diemen's Land in 1853, and Western Australia in 1868; and in each case a new spirit appeared to breathe through the country when the convict flag was lowered. Progress, political, social, and industrial, has been the yearly record. There is no reason to fear a different record for New Caledonia.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

THE long bright sunny day is at an end;
From out the western sky, the last faint ray
Of crimson glory pales, and fades to gray;
And silently o'er sea and land descend
The quiet shadows of the summer night.
The drowsy garden-flowers, responsive now
To the soft pressure of the falling dew,
Fill all the air with sweetness: cottage lights
Flit out into the darkness, one by one:
The plaintive wailing of the lone sea-bird
Is hushed; and all is silent, save the sad,
Low murmur of the summer waves, whose song,
From yonder clear blue heaven, overhead,
The silent, list'ning stars stoop down to hear.

M. C. C.

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